And our iuduction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & Couſin *Glendower*, will you ſit downe?
And Vncle *Worceſter*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; ſit couſin *Percy*, ſit, good couſin *Hotſpur*; for by that name, as often as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſigh hee wiſheth you in Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuity,
The front of Heauen was full of fiery ſhapes
Of burning Creſſets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why, ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your mothers Cat had but kitned, though your ſelfe had neuer been borne.

Glen. I ſay, the Earth did ſhake when I was born.

Hot. And I ſay, the earth was not of my mind.
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glen. the Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth ſhooke to ſee the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuity:
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions, and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeples, and moſſe-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glen. Couſin, of many men
I doe not beare theſe croſſings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fiery ſhapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heards
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

Theſe ſignes haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life doe ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men:
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of *England*, *Scotland*,
Which cals me pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out that is but Womans ſenne,
Can trace me in the tedious way of *Art*,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man ſpeakes better
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace, couſin *Percy*, you will make him

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vaſty deepe

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them

Glen. Why, I can teach thee, couſin, to comm

Hot. And I can teach thee, couſin, to ſhame
By telling truth. Tell truth, and ſhame the Diue
If thou haue power to raiſe him, bring him hith
And ile be ſworne, I haue power to ſhame him
Oh while you liue, tell truth, and ſhame the Di

Mor. Come, come: no more of this vnprof

Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingroke*
Againſt my power, thrice from the bankes of
And Sandy-bottomd *Seuerne* haue I ſent him
Bootleſſe home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in foule we
How ſcapes he agues in the diuels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, ſhall we diuide
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The *Archdeacon* hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſſignde,
All Weſtward *Wales* beyond the *Seuerne* ſho
And all the fertile land within that bound
To *Owen Glendower*: and, deare Cuz, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,